

# The Times.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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## THE TIMES

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## Wayside Cleanings.

FOR THE TIMES.  
Lost Hours.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITNEY.

"Lost, yesterday, somewhere, between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes."

Ah! had they wings of azure bright,  
Just tipped with lines of braided light,  
With eyes of varying brown and blue,  
Half-smiling, 'neath their lids of dew,  
Begemmed with diamonds for the vase,  
That Time held up, with rosy face,  
To catch a trembling jewel in it,  
For every little beggar Minute?  
Oh! then I found them as they lay  
Upon the lawn of yesterday;  
And since, for all time,  
They are truant to thee,  
I tell you, in rhyme,  
What they whispered to me.

SONG OF THE HOURS.  
Watch, while the Day walketh  
Over the sea,  
With its train of golden hours,  
To Eternity.

Weave gems of Mind and  
Time's flowing thread,  
Each little moment golden,  
Is one thought less.

Time holds an open page,  
Stainless and fair,  
For the trace of Minute hands,  
Clustering there.

Watch! lest the Court of Heaven  
Subpoena Time—  
When its little Minute-Clerk  
Sits in its clime.

Casting up the long account  
Of life's short day,  
For the worth of golden hours,  
Lost, lost for aye!

Witness, from the distant Earth,  
To its bright bowers,  
And Justice bring its verdict in,  
For "Life's Lost Hours,"  
Alexandria, Va.

FOR THE TIMES.  
To Jennie.

BY LOBA.

I'm seated by my fire, Jennie,  
Which cheerfully does blaze,  
With warmth, just like my heart, Jennie,  
When on thy face I gaze.

And, like thy curling smoke, Jennie,  
Its longings do arise  
In earnest prayer, for thee, Jennie,  
To Him who rules the skies.

And, gazing on that fire, Jennie,  
My thoughts are ever thine,  
And hope that makes me feel, Jennie,  
Thy thoughts are likewise mine.

Thy brightness is thy smile, Jennie,  
Thy cheerfulness thy heart,  
Then should I not be sad, Jennie,  
When both from me depart?

Oh, no, I'm not sad then, Jennie,  
For, trembling on high,  
The little stars smile bright, Jennie,  
And illumine the sky.

One of those stars art thou, Jennie,  
The brightest in the sky,  
And its lustre, I know, Jennie,  
Is borrow'd of thy eye.

And on it do I look, Jennie,  
Well knowing, all the while,  
The beauty, that it has, Jennie,  
Is stolen from thy smile.

And when that star's obscured, Jennie,  
Not even then I'm sad,  
For Luna's rays shine bright, Jennie,  
And bid my soul be glad.

Her rays fall on my couch, Jennie,  
Whose tenderness is such,  
That they do resemble, Jennie,  
The violet of thy touch.

And when their mystic power, Jennie,  
Is fled away and gone,  
Sweet choristers begin, Jennie,  
To herald in the dawn.

And then their tender songs, Jennie,  
Remind me of the tone,  
That e'er attends thy voice, Jennie—  
How can I be alone.

When, in my waking thoughts, Jennie,  
And, in my midnight dreams,  
Thy glorious image ever, Jennie,  
In beauty with me seems?

Nature's works are always, Jennie,  
Suggestive of thy name;  
She has no living charms, Jennie,  
And, in my midnight dreams,

Thy glorious image ever, Jennie,  
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cross; and then, though forgotten on Earth  
we will live in Heaven.  
MATTIE HARRISON.

INSCRIPTION.—The following is a copy  
of the inscription on General Jackson's  
wife's tombstone, written by himself:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel  
Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who  
died on the twenty-second day of Decem-

ber, aged sixty-one years. Her face was  
fair, her person pleasing, her temper amia-

ble, and her heart kind. She delighted  
in relieving the wants of her fellow crea-

tures, and cultivated that divine pleasure  
by the most liberal and unpretending  
methods. To the poor she was a benefac-

trix; to the rich she was an example; to  
the wretched a comfort; to the prosper-

ous an ornament; her piety went hand in  
hand with her benevolence, and she thank-

ed her Creator for being permitted to do  
good. A being so gentle and yet so virtu-

ous, slander might wound but could not  
dishonor; even Death, when he tore her  
from the arms of her husband, could but  
transplant her to the bosom of her God."

"So far, so good. I now had to go down  
stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get  
into the yard, make for my room, which  
was in the second story of the back build-

ing, that stood unconnected with, and  
about a dozen yards from the main one.  
After giving everybody another half hour  
to settle down again, I started.

"Boys, did you ever try to go up or  
down stairs at midnight, without making  
a noise?—You may try all sorts of ways,  
but every step is sure to creak, each with  
a peculiar noise of its own, and loud  
enough, you are certain, to wake every-

body. I had gotten near the bottom, when  
a little dog came trotting along the entry,  
towards me, yelping furiously. A suppres-

sed 'Come here, sir, Zip,' silenced him, for  
he recognized me; but the dog started the  
mocking bird, and the dogs in the neigh-

borhood, having learned to take the cue,  
of course, all joined the chorus, for the  
third time.

"I ran along the passage, reached the  
door, unlocked it, just as the governor,  
roused the second time, opened his door,  
and seeing a man escape from the house,

cried, 'Thieves! thieves!' and made a  
rush after me.

"I was too quick for him, though, open-

ed the door spring out, made for the door  
which opened into the room below mine,  
and had just reached it, when crash! with-

in a foot of my head went a brick, and  
another voice, that I knew belonged to next  
door neighbor Tompkins, joined the gov-

ernor in the cry of 'thieves! thieves! mur-

der!' I was safe, though. Rushing  
up stairs, I sheltered myself quicker than I  
ever did, before or since, and in bed and  
sound asleep in half a minute.

"Tom!" cried the old man, in a voice  
that would have raised a man from a fit.

"I judged it prudent to awake, and  
jumping from my bed, missed the window,  
and rubbing my eye and looking particu-

larly frightened, (which I was,) asked:  
'Why, father, what's the matter?'

"There's thieves in the house. Get  
your gun and come down—quick!"

"He's in the room below you, Tom?"  
hallowed Tompkins. 'I saw him as he  
ran down, and threw a fire brick at him.'

"I was directed to look out for myself."  
The governor stood sentinel at the door  
below, armed with a club, while Tompkins  
had five minutes to collect aid from the  
neighbors; and in less than half that, so  
thoroughly was every house alarmed, there  
were a dozen or more men in the yard  
armed with guns, pistols, and sticks.

"The governor led the attack. Open-

ing the door, he called,  
'Come out here, you house-breaking  
scoundrel! If you attempt to run or re-

sist, I'll blow your brains out!'  
'Nobody came, however.

"Watch the door while I go in," and  
I was told to look sharp and 'shoot the  
rascal if he came up stairs.'

A momentary search was sufficient to  
satisfy everybody that the thief was not in  
the room.

"He's up stairs, then," cried Tomp-

kings; for I'll take my Bible oath he didn't  
pass that door!

"So up stairs they trooped; but I had  
lit a candle by that time, and there was no  
bugbear there; the strictest search, even  
in looking under a boot-jack, didn't show  
the faintest trace of him.

"The yard was then examined, then the  
house, and everybody being well satisfied  
that he had escaped, the neighbors dis-

posed to their several homes; but I was  
perched to their several homes; but I was

appointed a sentinel for the rest of the  
night, and ordered not to go to sleep on  
my post, under penalty of a flogging.

"The articles missing, on a thorough in-

vestigation next day, were two pies and  
the old ladies silver thimble. The thim-

ble turned up in a week or two, being dis-

covered under the corner of the carpet,  
but the pies have never been accounted  
for to this day. On oath, I could have  
given very material evidence as to the dis-

position of the stolen property; but as the  
case didn't come before any court, I re-

mained quiet.

"Didn't the local editors loom, though?

One of them elongated himself through a  
quarter of a column, and headed the item  
'A Diabolical and Atrocious Attempt at  
Burglary and Murder!' describing the  
graphic particulars, the fiendish attempt  
to throttle Miss — and her servant;

complimented the coolness and resolution  
of R. Tompkins, Esq., and perforated with  
a withering anathema on the want of vigi-

lance displayed by the police.

"It was fun for me to see with what  
wide-awake sagacity the watch used to  
at the front door, and listen during their  
nightly rounds, for a month after; and  
you couldn't have bribed a youngster to  
go under the porch, on any account, after  
dark. The excitement died away, though,  
after awhile, but I'll never forget the night  
I tried to get in 'without making a noise.'"

FOR THE TIMES  
The Husband's Lament.

BY GEORGE W. COTHRAN.

My sad and weary soul,  
Dread sorrow's round thee cast,  
And keenly feel'st thou the woe  
That's borne on every blast.

Crushed beneath the arm of Death,  
As rose beneath the spoiler's heel,  
Lies the form I dearly lov'd,  
Unknown to woes I feel.

Ah! none do seem to mourn,  
As deeply as I mourn I,  
Yet from my faint flows not a tear,  
I can but breathe and sigh.

This world's a world of love;  
This world is a world of pain;  
The good ascend to th' Courts above,  
And ne'er come back again.

And this th' reason I live,  
And that the reason I sigh;  
My love is strong for th' good of earth,  
But stronger for realms on high.

Oh! none do seem to mourn  
As deeply as I mourn I,  
Yet from my faint flows not a tear,  
I can but grieve and sigh.

WONDERFUL PENS.—Dr. Warren, some  
years ago, happened to be in the shop of  
an eminent stationer in the Strand, Lon-

don, when a member of the Commons  
purchased a hundred quills for 6s. When  
he was gone, the Doctor exclaimed: "O,  
the luxury of the age! Six shillings for a  
hundred quills! Why it never cost me a  
sixpence for pens in my life." "That is  
very surprising, Doctor," observed the  
stationer, "your works are very volumi-

ous."—"I declare," replied the Doctor,  
"I wrote my 'Ecclesiastical History,' two  
volumes in folio, and my 'Disquisition on  
the Book of Common Prayer,' a large folio,  
both the first and second copies with one  
single pen. It was an old one when I  
began, and it is not worn out now that I  
am finished." This relation was spread  
abroad, and the merit of this pen was es-

teemed so highly that a celebrated coun-

sel begged the Doctor to make her a  
present of it. He did so, and her lady-

ship had a gold case made, with a short  
history of the pen written upon it, and  
placed it in her cabinet of curiosities.

Byron wrote his celebrated poem of the  
"Bride of Abydos," in one night, and  
without mending his pen. This pen is  
yet preserved in the British Museum.

John Elliott translated the entire Bible  
into the Indian language, and wrote the  
whole of it with one pen.

We have somewhere, though we cannot  
now remember where, seen an account of  
some ponderous MSS. folio, which con-

tained on the last page these lines:  
With one quill pen I wrote this book,  
Made from a grey goose quill;  
A pen it was when I wrote,  
A pen I leave it still.

Before the era of metallic pens, which  
have caused a revolution in the art of  
writing, great pains were given to the  
preparation of pens and very extraordinary  
exclusiveness was indulged in by writers.

Some used only ostrich feathers; others  
more ambitious still, confined themselves  
to eagle's feathers; still others would only  
write with a "plume from a heron's

wing," while the ladies used scarcely any  
other description than crow-quills.

Infirmities of Genius.

Moore says: "the five most remarkable  
instances of early authorship are those of  
Pope, Congreve, Churchill, Chatterton and  
Byron." The first of these died in his  
fifty-sixth year; the second in his fifty-

eighth year; the third in his thirty-fourth,  
"the sleepless boy" committed suicide in  
his eighteenth, and Byron died in his thirty-

seventh year.

Mozart, at the age of three years, began  
to display astonishing abilities for music,  
and in the two following years composed  
some trifling pieces, which his father care-

fully preserved, and, like all prodigies, his  
career was a short one—he died at thirty-

six.

Tasso, from infancy, exhibited such  
quickness of understanding, that at the age  
of five he was sent to a Jesuit academy,  
and two years afterwards, recited verses  
and orations of his composition—he died  
at fifty-one. Dermody was employed by  
his father, who was a schoolmaster, as as-

istant in teaching the Latin and Greek  
languages in his ninth year—he died at  
twenty-seven. The American prodigy,  
Lucretia Davidson, was another melancholy  
instance of precocious genius and early  
death. Keats wrote several pieces before  
he was fifteen, and only reached his twenty-

fifth year. The ardor of Dante's tem-

perament, we are told, was manifested in  
his childhood. The lady he celebrated in  
his poems, under the name of Beatrice, he  
fell in love with at the age of ten. Schil-

ler, at the age of fourteen, was the author  
of an epic poem—he died at forty-six.  
Cowley published a collection of his juve-

nile poems, called "Poetical Blossoms,"  
at sixteen, and died at sixty-nine. Words-

worth was nineteen years completing "Pe-

ter Bell."

A Thing Unheard of Before.

It is very well known among persons of  
any considerable experience in life, that  
man and woman are often deceived in ma-

rimonial transactions and speculations.  
Who has not known the "fortune hunter,"  
who supposed himself to be espousing a  
cool hundred thousand, brought short up  
with a piece of poor land, a dozen negroes,  
and perhaps a usurious note for five or six  
hundred? And, *der contra*, who has not  
seen the penniless beauty catch a dashing  
fellow, reputed to possess thousands in  
certain indefinitely described stocks and  
plantations, but whose property proved to  
be only a fine suit of clothes, and a gal-

vanized watch and chain.

We were recently conversing with a  
friend on men and things, when we hap-

pened to remember an old school-mate, of  
"fast" propensities.

"What has become of Frank H.—?" we  
asked.

"Have you not heard," said our friend,  
his face growing sad, "of Frank's remark-

able marriage?"  
"Never?" we replied.

"Well, sir, he married—his wife is a  
beautiful, accomplished, lovely woman,  
but—"

"But what?"  
"Sir, Mrs. H.— was reputed, before  
marriage, to be worth just fifteen thousand  
dollars. She was the only daughter of a  
widowed mother. Her friends, and her  
mother, too, always said that it was fifteen  
thousand. The story was believed."

"Certainly; such stories always are."  
"Well, when they were married, and  
Frank came to count the money?"

"He no doubt found it fifteen hundred!"  
"By no means; the old lady, who kept  
the income, had hoarded a great deal of  
the money, and when counted it was as-

certained that Mrs. H.— had twenty-two  
thousand dollars!"

Our friend wiped his face as he grave-

ly added that he believed no such case had  
ever happened out of North Carolina.

The following amusing specimen  
of the ignorance that prevails in Europe  
on American affairs is taken from a lead-

ing French journal. It is hardly necessary  
to inform the American reader that the  
sobriquet of "Black Republican" has been  
taken by the French editor in a  
literal sense, and that Mr. Banks and all  
his supporters are thought to be men of  
color:

"The new President of the Chamber of  
Representatives in the United States, Mr.  
Nathaniel Banks, is a negro belonging to  
the delegation from Massachusetts. In  
the double capacity of negro and Aboli-

tionist, Mr. Banks has created a profound  
aversion among the Representatives from  
the States of the South. His election was  
a check both to the Democrats and Know  
Nothings.

"



# RELIGIOUS TRAINING

Most education implies, not only the development of right principle in the discharge of our duty to ourselves and our fellow-men, but also recognition of our obligations to God, and the duties we owe Him in view of His supreme excellence and our entire dependence upon Him. Man is endowed with a religious element, and youth is the appropriate season for its culture; for then the mind is unfettered by the trammels of the world, the heart is tender, faith, love, and hope are in lively exercise, reverence and humility are characteristic graces, and the light of reason then appears dim, compared with the purer light which radiates from the inspired page.

These pre-requisites render childhood the most favorable season for religious impressions, and can the teacher who would be faithful to the true welfare of her pupils, disregard so good an opportunity for religious training? Can she acquiesce with all the gradations of organic matter, from the floating atom up to the sidereal heavens, and leave them in ignorance of their Author, in Whom they all "live and move and have their being"? In natural science, their attention should often be directed to the infinite wisdom and goodness revealed in the countless forms of Nature; in history, to the evidences of an overruling Providence in the affairs of nations and individuals.

Early, too, should they be taught, that God is their Creator and Preserver, and has a consequent right to their time and talents; that He is their Father, and has, therefore, a claim to their love and obedience,—to their filial reverence, submission, and confiding trust; and that He is their Judge, to whom they are amenable, an Omnipotent Judge, who reads every thought, scans every act, and will bring them into judgment for every secret thing. They should also be taught the evil and bitterness of sin, and its disastrous consequences. Heaven and eternity should often be presented to their minds, while the character of Jesus should be held before them as a model, and His precepts as their guide.

Happy that teacher on whom the Spirit rests, and who, free from cant and bigotry, can communicate religious truth with the unctious fervor of experience! Knowledge; and happy that school, for there reign love, joy, and peace,—there abide goodness, gentleness, and faith!

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Educational Biography.

Hail! tolerant teachers of the race, whose doctrine  
Of spirit's wealth outweighs the monarch's might,  
Blest be your holy mission! may it shower  
Blessings like rain, and bring by human right  
To all our hearts and hearths, love, liberty, and light.

We propose to devote a portion of our columns from time to time, to a series of Biographical Sketches of Eminent Teachers and Educators, who in different ages and countries, and under widely varying circumstances of religion and government, have labored faithfully and successfully in different abettments of the great field of human culture. We hope to do something in this way to rescue from unmerited neglect and oblivion the names and services of many excellent men and women, who have proved themselves benefactors of their race by shedding light into the dark recesses of ignorance and by pre-occupying the soil, which would otherwise have been covered with the rank growth of vice and crime, with a harvest of those virtues which bless, adorn, and purify society. Such men have existed in every civilized state in past times. "Such men," remarks Lord Brougham, "men deserving the glorious title of teachers of mankind, I have found laboring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardently indomitable French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded but enslaved Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their numbers everywhere abound, and are every day increasing. Their calling is high and holy; their faith is the property of nations; their renown fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course, awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises, resting from his labors, bestoweth his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble, but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy."

We cannot estimate too highly the services rendered to the civilization of New England, by her early teachers, and especially the teachers of her Town Grammar Schools. Among these teachers we must include many of her best educated clergy-men, who, in towns where there was no

young men of piety and talent for college, and for higher usefulness in church and state. To her professional teachers and clergy it is due, that schools of even an elementary grade, were established and maintained. But for them the fires of classical learning, brought here from the Public Schools and Universities of England, would have died out, the classrooms of her infant colleges would have been deserted, her parishes would have ceased to claim a scholar for their minister, the management of affairs in town and state would have fallen into incompetent hands, and a darkness deeper than that of the surrounding forest would have gathered about the homes of the people. In view of the barbarism into which the second and third generations of new colonies seem destined to fall, "where schools are not vigorously encouraged," we may exclaim with the Rev. Dr. Mather—

"Tis Corlet's pains, and Cheever's, we must own,  
That thou New England, art not Scythia grown."

Let us then hasten to do even tardy justice to these master builders and workmen of our popular civilization. In the language of President Quincy, when about to review the History of Harvard College for a period of two centuries—"While passing down the series of succeeding years, as through the interior of some ancient temple, which displays on either hand the statues of distinguished friends and benefactors, we should stay for a moment in the presence of each, doing justice to the humble, illustrating the obscure, placing in a true light the modest, and noting rapidly the moral and intellectual traits which time has spared; to the end that ingratitude the proverbial sin of republics, may not attach to the republic of letters; and that, whoever feeds the lamp of science, however obscurely, however scantily, may know, that sooner or later, his name and virtues shall be made conspicuous by its light, and throughout all time accompany its lustre."

## Political.

FOR THE TIMES.

### Rail Road with Banking Privileges.

Messrs. Editors: I have seen much that has been written of late on this important subject, but have read nothing that conveys to my mind so comprehensive and clear an idea, of the many advantages that will flow to the industrial interests of the State, by giving Banking privileges to our Rail Road, than the short communication here-with enclosed. As your paper is professedly devoted to the cause of Internal Improvement, Education, &c., &c. I hope you will not hesitate to give it an insertion in the next number of your valuable journal as one of the signs of the Times, and thereby oblige your friend and a friend of improvement and reform generally.

Sincerely and truly, yours,

From the Salisbury Herald.

Messrs. Editors: Though you live directly on the line of the North Carolina Rail Road, I am sorry to see that you have had nothing to say in favor of conferring Banking privileges on this great work.

Judging from the success of all the banks that I know of in this country, that are connected with similar works, I feel confident if a Bank was chartered nearly upon the terms proposed last winter, such an institution could not fail soon to relieve the people of heavy taxes, and ultimately the State of debt; while, in the meantime, it would, in no small degree, be instrumental in building up our own towns and the industrial interests of the State.

As our Banks are now organized, they do little or nothing to foster and stimulate the industry of the country. You are aware that our Banking capital is, to speak in round numbers, not more than six millions of dollars. This sum is altogether inadequate to the wants and necessities of our people. As proof of this, compare our Banking capital, wealth and population, with any or all of the old thirteen States, and see how it dwindles into a mere trifle when compared with any of them—especially with the most powerful and thrifty—say Massachusetts, Rhode Island or Connecticut. As another evidence of this fact, there is scarcely a day passes but there are a number of good notes offered at all the counters of our Banks, that they have not the ability to accommodate. This being the case, they are uniformly very choice as to the paper they discount. Let me give you a little of my experience—and I will say I have had some as an endorser and a little as a borrower—and I can now say with truth I never endorsed a note of a speculator, I care not how tight the pressure, but what his note was discounted. They are uniformly accommodated for the reason that they agree to redeem their note when they return from the South with Northern drafts. And as the Banks get as much discount from them as any other class of customers, and can sell the drafts they procure from them for one and a half per cent premium, of course it is to their interest to accommodate the speculator before any other of their customers.

I could refer to many instances, in my personal knowledge, where men en-

gaged in manufacturing Iron, Cotton yarn, Cloth, Leather, Mining, &c., have been refused discounts on as good paper as ever touched the counter of any Bank, and the next day the speculator was furnished all he desired, for the reason above stated. Now let us suppose, for a moment, that Banking privileges were conferred on the N. C. Rail Road, and a gentleman in this country engaged in manufacturing Iron, Cotton goods, Flour or anything of the kind, needed an accommodation from the Bank. Accordingly he would procure his endorser, and after drawing his note and getting it duly signed, he would present it for discount at the nearest Branch of the Bank. The Cashier would enquire what he wanted with the money, and the applicant would inform him that he had quite a number of hands employed in the manufacture of Iron, Cotton goods, Flour, Leather, or was engaged in Mining, and wished to employ hands enough to raise fifty thousand tons of coal or copper a week—would it not be to the interest of the Rail Road Bank to accommodate this class of men, provided their paper was of an undoubted character, before any others? Most assuredly it would. And why? Because they are engaged in manufacturing freight for the Rail Road.

Not to be tedious, I will give you an example: Suppose, for illustration merely, that Mr. Leary Springs of the enterprising town of Charlotte, desired a discount to go up into Wilkes, Surry, Ashe and other Western Counties, after harvest, to purchase wheat to supply his mill with grain during the year; and he, instead of stipulating as the speculators do, to discharge his note in Northern drafts, would agree, instead of sending his Flour to Charleston, to forward the whole of it to Wilmington or Beaufort; would not a Bank thus organized have a tendency, and a powerful one, too, to protect and encourage internal improvement men, and the industry and enterprise of the State; to say nothing of the certainty of it soon bringing up the stock in all our Rail Roads to par and thus enable the State to extend them in every direction, without burdening our people with enormous taxes. I know this has been the case in Georgia, and to some degree in South Carolina; and it could not fail to have the same effect in this State. At any rate, I, and many others in this section of the State, are for it; and will spare no pains to promote such men as go for this important reform. Though none of us be personally interested as stockholders in any of our Rail Roads, the State is, to the amount of millions; and therefore we, as tax payers, are interested to the same extent.

I hope, Messrs. Editors, you will insert this hastily sketched article, and that the Salisbury papers may copy the same, if no other papers of the State will.

Respectfully,

YADKIN.

### Taxes—The New Assessment—County Affairs.

The Clerk of the County Court of Guilford has furnished us with the results of his calculations of the Taxes for 1855, under the late assessment of the lands. A few items will prove interesting to county readers.

The new assessment shows the number of acres of land in the county to be 400,600. The year previous there were only 384,667 acres listed.—The assessment therefore shows 16,933 acres more than were given in.

The valuation of land (exclusive of town lots) now amounts to \$1,857,766. The year previous the listed valuation was \$1,390,427.—An increase of \$467,339 in the valuation.

The average value of the land in the county, per acre, is \$4.631, by the new assessment. Under the listing of the previous year the average valuation was \$3.614 per acre. An increase of \$1.02 on the acre.

The number of Town Lots at present returned, is 400, at a valuation of \$265,885;—against 242 the year previous, at a valuation of \$175,044—an increase of \$90,841 in valuation.

The amount of Interest is \$47,729.27—against \$7,548 the previous year—an increase of \$40,181.27.

The following is an Abstract of the Lists of Taxables, as returned by the Justices appointed to take the same for '55, with a statement of the State Tax due thereon and payable to the Public Treasurer in the fall of 1856. The State Tax is 12 cents on each \$100 valuation of land and town property, and 40 cents on each poll.

Abstract.	State Tax.
65,690 acres of land, val. at \$1,857,766,	\$2,229.32
400 Town Lots,	885,
3469 Polls, (w. 1787; b. 1646; f. b. 36),	319.00
\$47,729.27 Int. rec'd.—tax 3 per cent, 1,431.88	
\$2,268 Div. & prof. in stock,—3 per cent,	68.04
On Salaries & Fees of Law, Phys., &c.	266.00
53 Deeds of Trust, &c., regis., \$1 each (6 per cent. off),	49.82
16 Stubs and Jacks,—tax \$5 or over,	80.00
\$4,800 Capital in negro trade,—25 cents per \$100,	12.00
\$12,250 Capital in other trade,—10 cents per \$100,	12.25
7 Marriage Licenses, \$1 each,	7.00
22 Pistols; 2 Bow-knives—1 each,	25.00
2 Dicks and Sword-canes,—50 cts. each,	1.00
127 Gold Watches, \$1 each,	127.00
250 Silver " 25 cts. each,	70.75
30 Piano-fortes, \$1 each,	30.00
\$1,175 value of plate and jewelry,	11.75
1 pack cards, 25 cents,	.25
220 Pleasure Carriages,	354.00
	\$9,442.72

The above amount of \$9,442.72, is to be added to the tax on merchants, pedlars, insurance companies, &c., which are not given in to the Justices, but collected directly by the Sheriff.—The Sheriff's last return showed the tax on merchants to be \$345,70; pedlars, \$60; circus company, \$50; singers &c., \$25; insurance companies \$200; taverns, \$30;—in all \$910,70; Assuming the same amounts from these sources for the current year, which will not be far from correct, the amount returnable to the State treasury by the Sheriff will be \$7,353.42.

To the above is to be added the tax on collateral descents, returnable by the Clerk, which will be perhaps some two hundred dollars.

The Taxes levied by the County Court, February Term, 1855, were as follows, viz:

On the \$100 val. land.	On the Poll.
For County Expenses, 15 cents,	45 cents.
Support of the Poor, 10 " "	20 " "
New Court House, 7 " "	15 " "
Common Schools, 15 " "	25 " "
Repair public buildings, 1 " "	2 " "
	48 " 707 "

The addition of the State tax of 12 cents on each \$100 valuation of real estate, and 40 cents, on each poll makes the entire amount 60 cents on the \$100 valuation and \$1.47 on the poll.

The taxation revenue of the county is derived entirely from land and polls. The aggregate valuation of land and town property being \$2,123,651, and the total number of polls 3,460—the county Taxes collectable this year are as follows to wit:

For County Expenses: 15 cts. on the \$100 val. \$3,185.48 45 " on the Poll, 1,561.05 \$4,746.53

For Support of the Poor: 10 cts. on the \$100 val. \$2,123.65 20 " on the Poll, 638.80 \$2,762.45

For new Court House: 7 cts. on the \$100 val. 1,486.55 15 " on the Poll, 520.35 \$2,006.90

For the common Schools: 15 cts. on the \$100 val. \$3,185.48 25 " on the Poll, 867.25 \$4,052.73

Deduct 25 cts. each for 56 free black polls, 9.00 \$4,043.73

Repairs of Public Buildings: 1 cent on the \$100 val. 212.36 2 " on the Poll, 69.38 \$281.74

Amount of Taxes for County purposes, 13,896.33 Add State Tax, (as before set forth,) 7,556.42 Total amount, 21,452.75

We have but few remarks to make upon the above statements. The extraordinary growth of the county during the year the assessment was made—something over sixteen thousand acres—we are disposed to attribute to the lately introduced use of that wonderful fertilizer, guano, which we allow must increase the size of the land as well as its fruitfulness.

We are inclined to think that \$4,631 the average valuation of the land per acre, under the new assessment, is not up to its actual cash value.

The increase in the number of town lots is chiefly owing to the establishment of the town of High Point.

The large increase of Interest listed as having been received or secured, we attribute mainly to the refusal of the banks to accommodate by loans, and the consequent forcing of private funds into market. Besides, under the late act, there is a much smaller amount exempted from taxation than under the original law.

That there has been but one solitary pack of cards sold in the county, for a whole year, shows a most exemplary state of morals among us in this respect; (but where the cards came from, with which divers of our fellow creatures have largely amused themselves, is to us a profound mystery.)

Under the increased valuation and taxation combined there will be a considerably larger amount of taxes collected the present year than ever heretofore. But, under the increased prices of the products of the country, the people are better able to pay high taxes now than low ones heretofore. Throughout the middle section of North Carolina, the citizens were never better able to bear the burdens of State than at this time.

People always have grumbled about the taxes, and we suppose they always will. But for the special benefit of our fellow citizens of Guilford, we must remark that their taxes are lower than most, if not all, in the neighboring counties. This is chiefly owing to the fact that our county is large and populous, and the administration of county affairs costs no more than in a small county. In some of the smaller counties, lately laid off the expenses of erecting new public buildings together with the ordinary routine expenses, have rendered taxation necessarily, so high in amount as to be oppressively felt by the people. A large county gets along with comparatively less expenditure of money, and enjoys a consciousness of more strength at home and more respectability abroad than a small one.

So, brethren, we would advise you to chalk up your taxes cheerfully, under a confident belief that you are paying cheaply for the abundant blessing which the State, under Providence, confers upon you.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

## News of the Day.

### Deeply Affecting Narrative!

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR LIVES LOST!!

We give below a sad and thrilling account of the loss of the ill-fated ship John Rutledge, a telegraphic account of which was given in the Times last week. The narrative was furnished for the New York *Courier and Enquirer* by Thomas W. Nye, who was in all probability the only survivor out of 144 human beings, that embarked from Liverpool in the ship. We know it will be read with a mournful interest by our numerous readers:

STATEMENT OF THOMAS W. NYE.

The ship John Rutledge, Capt. Alexander Kelly, sailed from Liverpool on the 16th of January, for New York. She was loaded quite deep, and had on board an assorted cargo, including a large quantity of iron. She also had 120 passengers in the steerage. The officers and crew numbered 25 men. The name of the first mate was Atkinson, and he was from Philadelphia.

We encountered the most tempestuous weather, and lost a man from the jib-boom. We also lost a passenger, who was washed overboard by a sea. On the 18th of Feb., at noon, in longitude 40:56 West, latitude 45:34, we encountered field ice, and in making our way through it, struck one or two heavy pieces projecting some four or five feet out of the water. The weather was hazy, and we could not see far ahead.

The wind wafted, and the ship being closely surrounded by field ice would not steer well. We could not keep clear of the heavy masses of ice. At last, early the next morning, the ship struck heavily upon an iceberg, and started planks from the forefoot. The pumps were sounded, and it was found that the ship was leaking at a fearful rate. Two pumps were set going, and the crew and passengers divided into watches of 12 each to work them. A quantity of salt and crates of crockery in great number were hoisted out of the hold and thrown overboard. By this means the leak was got at, and some pillows and clothing were stuffed into it. But they seemed to do little good, and it soon became evident that the ship was filling rapidly. Preparations were then made to abandon her and take to the boats. There were five boats attached to the ship, which I think would not have carried all on board. As it was, some twenty-five or thirty were left to go down with the wreck, of whom all but the mate and carpenter were passengers. The boat that I was in was the last to shove off. It was the intention of the mate and carpenter to have joined us; but they went to sound the pumps, and while so doing our boat broke adrift. Indeed, had we lain alongside a few minutes longer, we should have been swamped.

We soon lost sight of the ship, and found ourselves—thirteen in number—upon the wide ocean, with but about a gallon of water, and six or eight pounds of bread. The party in the boat consisted of the boatswain a Scotch sailor—five men, four women, and a little girl, passengers—and myself. One of the women was the mate's wife. The weather was intensely cold, the boat shipped a great deal of water, and from the effects of both the sufferings that we were to encounter were not long delayed. The two other sailors, Mrs. Atkinson, and myself were warmly clothed; but the passengers, with the exception of one lady, were not. That lady was wrapped up in two blankets. We had a compass in the boat, but Mrs. Atkinson, in jumping in, broke it. It would have been of little use, the boat was so unsteady. We made no effort to reach any particular point—our only hope being that we should be seen and picked up by some passing vessel. Mrs. Atkinson took charge of the bread and water, and would give but little out. She and the boatswain drank most of the water. Both were soon exhausted, and then the bitter cold began to tell upon us. It is my opinion that if we had been well supplied, with food and water most of us could have withstood the cold. On the third day in the boat a male passenger died. He was very thinly dressed—a light coat being his only one. He was followed the next day by a woman, whose husband survived her for a day or two. We this day saw a brig running free, with a light wind. Our hearts were cheered with a prospect of speedy relief. We raised a signal on an oar, and pulled for her with all our strength. We gained on her for sometime, and I had begun to picture to myself the hearty welcome that would be extended to the shipwrecked by her captain and crew. But a breeze soon sprang up, and our hopes were crushed. She gradually left us. I thought we were near enough to be seen from her deck, but no notice was taken of us. Notwithstanding this great disappointment, I endeavored to keep up my spirits.

On the fifth day all those on the boat with me began to drink sea water. I warned them against it, but they persisted. I got very little of the water taken from the ship, but I drank no sea water. When my mouth became very parched and dry, I rinsed it out with sea water, but swallowed none. Some snow fell one day, which I found a great relief. After the others began to drink the sea water they died in quick succession. On the seventh day the last

one died, and left me the only living being on the boat. The dead who first succumbed were thrown overboard; but the four last were beyond my little remaining strength, and for more than two days I was obliged to sit with their distorted bodies before me, and with but little hope that a better fate would be mine. The last who died was a passenger—an English lady of slight form, the mother of the little girl. Her daughter preceded her a few hours. I cannot remember the order in which the others died. The boatswain, the night before his death, became delirious and furious. He assailed Mrs. Atkinson, bit her severely on the arm, and scratched her. He threw the bucket overboard, and attempted to throw the oars overboard also. He assailed me with the oars, and struck me a blow on the face, the marks of which I still bear. He died about noon, some hours before which he became listless and stupid. Nearly all the others became delirious. Mrs. Atkinson called in the most agonizing tones for water—stretching on her hands to receive it. They all died like the boatswain, and in many instances the first notice I had that another victim had fallen, was by his pitching over when the boat lurched heavily.

When all my companions were dead, I fixed an oar upright, with a white woollen shirt and a red silk handkerchief waving from the top, as a signal. This was the first permanent signal that had been erected. My feet and legs had become very badly frozen, and I was hardly able to move. I lay in the bow of the boat. It would ship a sea occasionally, and I would rouse myself and bail it out. I would then lie down again. On the 28th of February, when I had been nine days in the boat, I saw a ship bearing down towards me. I was now confident that I would be rescued. I was directly in her path. As she neared me, she heaved to and sent a boat to my relief. Myself and the boat which had borne me so long in mid-ocean were hoisted on board. The bodies were consigned to the deep. I found the ship to be the Germania, Capt. Wood, from Havre for New York. Capt. Wood, who proved to be a townsman of mine, his wife, Mr. Pappin, (the steward,) and the first mate, have been unremitting in their attentions. My frozen limbs were put in cold water, and then bran poultices were applied to them. To this, and other judicious treatment which I received at the hands of my good friends on board the Germania, I shall be indebted for the restoration of my limbs to use. I belong to New Bedford, Mass. I have never supposed my constitution was especially rugged. I weighed about 146 pounds when I took to the boat. I attribute the continuance of my existence beyond that of any companions to my abstaining from the use of sea water. I used some of the ice that formed upon the boat. It was only a little bitter, having lost the brackish taste peculiar to sea water, and was without its injurious effects upon the system. My companions appeared to suffer great pain after they had drunk sea water.

The passengers were English, Irish and Scotch, and were of the better class of emigrants on their way to the United States. The John Rutledge was a vessel of 1,068 tons register, built at Baltimore in 1851 for J. Boneval & Son of Charleston; subsequently she was sold to Howland & Ridgeway, of New York. She is insured in New York and Philadelphia for \$54,000, principally in New York. Freight and passage money insured for \$6,900. The cargo was an assorted one, valued at over \$5,000 to \$100,000, and is largely covered by insurance in Wall street.

Mr. Ridgeway, one of her owners, is said to be a passenger on the missing steamer Pacific.

### STEAM BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

It is stated that on and after May, 1856, fifteen gigantic steam packets will leave Europe every month for the United States, namely, seven English packets, four United States, three Bremen and Portuguese. Fourteen of these will start from or touch at England, the Portuguese packet being the single exception; eight of the fourteen steamers will start from Southampton, and the remaining six from Liverpool. These mail packets will cross the Atlantic by three different routes, which will terminate on the American side at the Brazil, Central America, and the United States; Rio de Janeiro will be the southern point touched at by them, and Halifax, in Nova Scotia, the most northern point. In connection with these Atlantic lines, there will be nearly twenty tributary ones, some of them as long as the Atlantic lines themselves. By these the whole of the American continent, down as far south as the river Plata, on the eastern side of the great continent, and from Peru to California, in the Pacific, also the whole of the adjacent islands, including those of West Indies, will be supplied with European correspondence.

The above is from the Cotton Plant, but several steamers are evidently omitted. The progress of ocean steam navigation is one of the wonders of the age. But a few years have gone by since the first experiment was made across the Atlantic; and now, the system is recognised as one of the essential of the times in which we live.—*Phil. Inq.*

A NEW GUN.—A new fire-arm has been invented by J. W. Post, of New York. It is a repeating rifle, which can be loaded and discharged thirty times a minute; is light and convenient, has but one discharging barrel, and does not revolve. Under the barrel, in place of the ramrod in other guns, is a tube which receives thirty acorn-shaped water-proof balls, each containing within itself powder and percussion for propulsion. The act of cocking the piece places a ball in the breech, and the whole thirty may be discharged in the most rapid succession. At a late trial the gun was discharged ten times in ten seconds. The ball is shaped like that of the Minie rifle, and the gun itself is calculated as well for long distances as rapid firing.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

A WARNING.—A few weeks since, in the course of conversation with an eminent broker, who has been over 40 years acquainted with the leading moneyed men of the country, we asked if he ever knew a schemer, who acquired money or position by fraud, continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death? We walked together about three minutes in silence, when he replied—"Not one I have seen men," he said, "become rich as if by magic, and afterwards reach a high position in public estimation, not only for honor and enterprise, but even for piety, when some small circumstance, of no apparent importance, has led to investigations, which resulted in disgrace and ruin."—*Pet. Express.*

A LARGE WHALE.—We learn that one of those "sea monsters," a whale, floated ashore some time last week, on the coast of Currituck. We also learn from Mr. Abraham Baum, upon whose land the whale drifted, and who, consequently, is the fortunate possessor of the immense fish, that he is sixty feet in length—thirteen feet from side to side—ten feet from back to belly,—twelve feet from one corner of the mouth to the other—fourteen feet from the corner of the mouth to the centre of the chin—twenty-four broad on the tale, and will weigh a number of tons! Mr. Baum thinks he will be able to obtain about a thousand gallons of oil from him, which, at his estimate, will be worth \$250.—*N. C. Sentinel.*

LARGE STONE TAKEN FROM THE BLADDER.—On Saturday forenoon, Dr. P. C. Spencer, assisted by Doctors L. White, Jos. W. Smith, J. Whitmore and Jas. Dunn, extracted from the bladder of a negro boy, (John) aged 24 years, owned by Henry Bryan, Esq., of North Carolina, a stone weighing 720 grains. This stone had been forming since the negro's childhood, and of course has been the cause of great affliction to the patient.

When last heard from, 10 o'clock last night, the boy was improving rapidly, and in fine spirits.—*Pet. Express.*

THE AUTHORS.—Less than twenty-five years after the landing of the Unitars, their colony passed the fugitive slave law. This is an important fact.

Pitkin's Civil and political history of the United States, vol. I, pages 50 and 51, in alluding to the articles of government formed for the Plymouth confederacy, says—

"It was also very wisely provided in the article, that Runaway Servants and fugitives from justice should be returned to the colonies where they belonged or from which they had fled."

Thus the North was the author of the fugitive law—kept slaves so long as was profitable—and engaged in the slave trade until the government prohibited it. We have but little reason to reproach the South, whose climate and productions actually require negro labor in some form.—*Kear, (N. H.) Republican.*

MORAL COURAGE.—The editors of the New Orleans *Delta* exhibit a degree of moral courage, which every honest man must admire. There appears to be a band of rowdies in that city who nightly attack officials and citizens, and with murderous intent, cut, stab or strike them with bludgeons and deadly weapons. One of the editors was knocked down and escaped but with his life; and yet he lets slip no opportunity of exposing these "thuggers," as they are called, and directing the attention of the police to their operations. He has thus caused their deadly hate, and is momentarily in danger of assassination; yet, with his life at peril, he bravely goes on in the path of duty. He is an honor and exemplar to the press, and we freely give him the moral aid of our sympathy and approbation.—*Columbia Times.*

Later from California.

NEW YORK, March 27.—The steamship *Illinois* has arrived at this port with the California mails and \$1,290,000 in specie.

The California Legislature had passed resolutions deprecating the election of Banks to the Speakership.

The Indians were committing great depredations at the mouth of Rogue River, and twenty-four persons had been murdered.

The Legislature of Texas has passed a law giving to Mrs. Elizabeth Crockett, the widow of David Crockett, a league of land.







